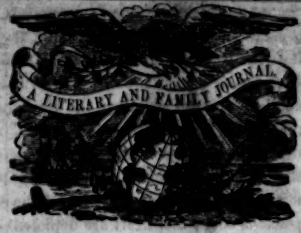


The Times.



The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 36.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1857.

(WHOLE NO. 87.)

Sweet Fern Spring:

OR, THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVIRN,

Author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Desire, the Quadroon," "Warning Star," "Ruby Cross," and other Tales.

CHAPTER IX.

On the evening of the second day after Madame Marguerite's appearance, a brilliant assemblage was congregated in Mrs. Col. Dewhurst's elegant drawing-rooms. For three years that fair and beautiful woman had been a widow. The old man whom she wedded died; and as he could not carry his wealth with him into the spirit world, it was all left behind at the disposal of her, who, marrying him for it solely, could not be expected to mourn his death with any extravagance of grief. And yet, her creases and sables were the deepest worn; the hem of her widow's veil of the prescribed breath; for a year she was not seen in the society of Up Town; husbands wished audibly that, were they to die, they should be sure of being mourned like Col. Dewhurst; altogether, that fair widow mourned very properly for her departed lord and master.

And now, after the lapse of three years—her mourning weeds gradually changing to gayer attire—she mingled again in those exclusive circles where her wealth and position admitted her; and her mansion was thrown open for the reception of Upper-Ten-dom.

And into circles where she held sway because of her rank and fortune, the name and genius of her once discarded lover, Phillip Armstrong, gave him a full and cordial entrance; and tonight, of all who stood in her spacious apartments, none were more caressed, no one's conversation was listened to with deeper interest, no one's wit or witty sallies were quoted or bandied from lip to lip like the talented young artist's. Fair ladies smiled upon him—exclusive leaned familiarly upon his arm, bestowing upon him their most distinguishing favor.

But his hostess? how happens it that the once rejected lover, mingling at her receptions, and, in public, is often seen at her side? It cannot be that he has so forgotten that Past as to become enslaved again. Now that she is free, and treats him with marked favor, and smiles upon him with her blue eyes, will he woo and win her?—Let us see.

It was near midnight on the evening in question; and, wearied of the glare of gas, and the music of an orchestra to which the guests were dancing, Phillip Armstrong wandered out of the parlor into a splendid conservatory. It was like fairy-land there. Colored lamps were hung amid the greenery festooning the ceiling; tropic plants reared their chalcids from glossy, luxuriant foliage, exhaling a sense-enrapturing fragrance like the spice islands of the East.

Musing of that singular revelation of the theatre, and the prima donna's disappearance, the artist stood leaning against a pillar in a shadowy nook, when suddenly a white hand sparkling with gems was laid upon his arm. He glanced up into the face, but it was not the face of his thoughts; his hostess stood beside him.

It seemed like an intrusion, but he greeted her with courtesy. For a few moments they talked of indifferent themes, and then Mrs. Dewhurst artfully led the conversation to his present position as an artist.

"It is so strange that we should stand together here—I, as mistress of a home in this great city, and you a landed, talented artist, secure in your position, and unapproachable in your genius! Who could have foreseen this in those days when I was at boarding-school there in New Haven, and you?—well, I suppose I ought not to talk of that Past, though it is often in my memory. I have wondered, too, if you ever reverted to those vanished days, Phillip?" she said very gently.

Armstrong had been thinking of the past, but not of its connection with her. A revulsion of feeling swept over him; from a softened mood he grew stern. "Will not your absence be remarked?" he asked coldly. "Mrs. Dewhurst, we will talk of this some other time.—Let me conduct you to your guests now," and he offered his arm.

"Mrs. Dewhurst!" she repeated almost scornfully. "Always that cold name! Call me Ellen—I have called you Phillip," and the beautiful temptress' breath came warm on his cheek and she slid her hand into his. "Phillip, can you never forgive me?" "Yes, Ellen Dewhurst—I can forgive, but I cannot forget," he replied sadly.

"And now you hate me?" she asked passionately. "No!" The monosyllable was spoken in a tone so low she thought it full of emotion.

"Then you do not!" said Mrs. Dewhurst excitedly. "Oh, Phillip, if I should say to you, that I once did you a great wrong—that, years ago, when you laid your heart at my feet, it was not want of answering love, but the promptings of a wicked pride that forbade its acceptance—if I should confess this, and add how bitter has been my repentance—Phillip, would you scorn me?"

The answer came in sad, but firm tones: "No, Ellen Dewhurst, I would not scorn you—but you would have my pity, that you had ever let the love of gold come between your heart and mine. As for myself, I have suffered—but I have conquered. We can never be again to each other what we once were. Your hand cast the throw that divided us. But your secret is safe with me. I hope you may be happy. When we meet hereafter, it can be only as friends. Let me lead you now to your guests!" and this time she offered no demurring word, but gazed like one stupefied, after his retreating figure, as Phillip Armstrong bowed and then passed out from her apartments.

"Crucel!" said you, reader mine? "No," say I—"only just."

"Phillip, come to me quickly! The strangest thing has happened—Margie is returned! Lose no moment. Your Mother."

So ran a brief letter the post-boy brought the artist next morning in his stride, traced in the trembling chirography of Mrs. Armstrong; and hastily wrapping the folds of a traveling cloak about him, he sat in the railway cars speeding away toward Glenhaven.—But the fiery-breathed iron steed, rushing over hill and dale and river, through mountain gorge and dusky forest, was slower than the slowest snail in comparison with the eager, lightning-winged thoughts sent on before.

Nearly two weeks after a hushed group stood about the bed, whereon, ill almost "unto death," lay Madame Marguerite—Margie Liston! It had all been explained by the faithful Marina who hung weeping above the couch—how, day and night her mistress had hurried wildly onward—how Glenhaven reached, she had alighted at the village inn, and walked rapidly up the long turnpike, striking off into the path leading to Birch Hollow—and then, the goal once gained, the reaction came, and she sunk exhausted and fainting to the ground. Alarmed, the girl sought help at the nearest farm-house; and they bore her thither, and to the bed from which she had not since risen, for a violent brain fever followed. So Margie was at home again; and then, raving in delirium, calling constantly on "Phillip!" talking of the old times—thus was she revealed to Mrs. Armstrong who bestowed upon her the tenderest care. A letter was immediately despatched to her son; and the coachman who took back the horses and carriage to the city was charged with a message to Mr. Legard by the faithful Marina, which brought him down to the farm-house the second day after Phillip's arrival.

And now it was the seventh day of noon; and a hushed group stood around the bed whereon the sufferer lay. Life and death were in the balance; her waking from that deep stupor would decide. The old village doctor held one wrist, and measured

its wandering pulses by the strokes of his watch; Mrs. Armstrong, paler than usual, her son, Mr. Legard and Marina, stood near; and old Hannah True, from her station in the bedroom door, never once removed her dim eyes from the sleeper.

The noon passed, and the afternoon waned; and when the old clock from the kitchen struck five, clear and strong, she stirred faintly upon the pillows and unclosed her eyes. There was reason in their gaze. "Do you know me?" whispered Mr. Legard, bending down over her. A faint smile was his answer.

"She will live," said the physician, putting up his watch, and moving from the bedside.

"Thank God!" echoed every voice; and then Phillip Armstrong, drawing his mother toward the door, added fervently, "Yes, let us thank God, mother, that sweet Maggie Liston is not lost to us forever!"

"Maggie Liston! Great God—my own child!" and Mr. Legard stepped after them, pale as death. "Great God! Say that again! Mrs. Armstrong, tell me—tell me—how come she here? Who are you? how came you by my child?"

Mrs. Armstrong did not faint, or shriek with surprise; but, while Phillip closed the door that no word might reach her who lay upon her pillow, in the adjoining room, she sank into a chair, and pressed her hands upon her heart. She was little paler than of old. "I am Margaret Ellison. And you are Mark Liston!"

she said in husky tones. From the first, I knew you! Twenty-two years ago, Alice Reeves—she whom you had made your wife—was found upon the threshold of this house, dying! Only one word she gasped, as I found her there with her two-year-old child in her arms—her child and yours! "Forgive!" she gasped; then died. I had nurtured wicked thoughts, and now the temptation was too strong to overcome them. I took that child to my home—but never to my heart. I could not do that—may God forgive me! for the child's eyes were yours—and you had been false, false, false!"

With a low moan, the speaker bowed her head; and that stately man sank on bended knees at her side.

"Then you did love me, Margaret, and it was all a fatal mistake?—I would not speak unkindly of the dead—but she it was who wronged us—who parted us. Margaret, Alice Reeves was your girlhood friend; can you blame me if, when she came to me with a falsehood on her lips, saying that you repented your betrothal, I believed her? Why was I so credulous? Why, in a fit of indignation, did I transfer my vows to her, believing you faithless? Margaret, you will believe me now, if I swear that, when I took the marriage vows upon my lips, my heart was yours wholly! and he reverently kissed her thin withered hand. "A dark time was my brief wedded life," he continued. "Alice grew moody, melancholy—at times we feared insanity. It came at last; and one day, when she had escaped from her peepers, little Margaret was missing from her cradle. Search was made—but there was a dark deep lake near our home, beneath whose waters it was said she must have found a grave. I had been less than human, not to have mourned, for she had always loved me;—and my child, oh, Margaret, you know not what anguish rent my heart then, nor what joy thrills it now, that I find her thus restored to my arms! Henceforth I am no more Mark Legard, an aimless man, wandering the world over in search of happiness—but Mark Liston, who, night and morn on bended knees will thank his God that the shadows have passed away from his life. I understand now, why my heart so yearned toward my child."

One brief scene more; and then, reader, you and I part for a season.

A few weeks later, ere the golden Julian Summer had wholly waned, a couple sat together on the rustic bench beside Sweet Fern Spring. The fragrant ferns had withered; the graceful brake leaves perished; but the crisp hoar-frost had not faded the green from the grass about its margin, and the limpid waters still bubbled up clear and sweet below; and, bright and sparkling as the waters, beamed the "clear wells" of eyes above.

"Maggie," said Phillip Armstrong,

"now that our parents are renewing their old-time vows yonder, let us talk about ourselves. You remember, that meeting here, when I came home from Yale; and you remember, too, that I prophesied the prima donna then. Was it then you began to love me?"

"I had always loved you, Phillip," was the whispered reply. "But I never, never thought to see this hour, when I sit beside you your betrothed wife. Oh, Phillip, believe me, this is the prima donna's best triumph!" and tears dimmed her eyes.

FINIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Thou'lt Find No Change in Me.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.
I part from thee, my own beloved,
In anguish and in pain;
For many days must come and go
Ere we shall meet again.
And many changes time will bring
Ere that blest day we'll see;
But though all things should pass away
Thou'lt find no change in me.

My future may be fair and bright;
My path be strewn with flowers;
And peace and plenty spread their wings
Across my sunny bowers;
But come what may, or come what will
Upon the land or sea;
Thou'lt find no change in me.

Whatever may thy lot befall
To thee I'll closely cling;
And round thy fair and fragile form
Love's mantle I'll fling;
And, O, let not thy faithful heart
Fall in its love for me;
For come what may, or come what will
Thou'lt find no change in me.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HEART-PICTURES—No. 5.

BY MATTIE MELNOTTE.
Dewy nightfall, hung lightly o'er the world;
Still they lingered, the bridegroom and the bride;
She a once, girlish thing, leant on his breast
And smelt of his hair, and heard his heart find
Home.

A fair white hand twined thro' his raven hair
And lingered to smooth a high, noble brow.
She heeded not the dewy damp which twined
In ringlets her own hair so soft and brown;
Nor read but one future, in the dark eyes
Which gazed into the clear depths of her own.
With that deep earnestness, which melts the soul,
Omega spoke—

Alphas my own love I know
I know thy thoughts by the pure light of love—
Which shine first on me from my mother's eyes
And guided me in all my wandering ways
To this by this I have I read thy heart
And discerned in its most secret chambers
Is this the which makes us One. 'Tis a trust
My heart fondly, ay, proudly gives to thee
And, dear One, guard its portals with this
Recorded vows of love in Heaven abide
And naught shall part, save One above
The bridegroom and the bride.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MY WIFE.

BY PUTNAM.

My dear Jack, did I ever tell you how I won her? Did I ever speak to you of the long midsummer days, when with Tom and Phil at my very elbow, I rode through Derby every fair morning to gain a smile from the gentle daughter of old Squire Wilton? No, Jack, you were off in the Indies then heaping up rupees against the day when this curly-haired youngster should make his entrance into the bustle and stir of worldly strife, and wear the title of "Jack, Jr."

Alh, my friend and brother, such a struggle as your ancient chum had to make Elsie Wilton's name Elsie Harper. Not that the girl herself was not willing—ah, no, but her father, that stern old wine-drinker, the proprietor of Wilton Villa—the pure-prod Englishman. He had vowed that his daughter should wear a title hit or miss; but she and I vowed together that the title of Mrs. Harper was title enough.

Jack, my boy, I stole her one lovely night in September—stole her from her quiet snugger in a corner of the noble old hall, and with steps fleet as a deer bore her beyond the reach of parental wrath.

The good old rector of the vine-sheltered church in Mansfield made us one and then we paused to think. Not until we had promised to be 'all in all' to each other, did the loneliness of our situation, the poverty of our young lives creep over our spirits. I was a penniless boy of twenty, gifted, thank God, with a stout heart and a strong will; she a fair girl of sixteen, beautiful as life to a child of ten years.

What was to be done? Tom's good sense whispered to me the certainty of having committed a foolish deed, Phil's generosity pointed out a path to fame and fortune. "Go to America—tomorrow, in the Abby Jane, I will stay behind and fight for you."

I carried my beautiful child-wife back to Wilton Villa, ere a single soul knew of her absence, and beneath the larches and grey oaks, we parted—parted, Jack, parted for years.

"Only one night," we whispered to each other; "to-morrow we will meet

by the river-path and go direct to Liverpool."

To-morrow found me alone by the familiar trysting tree. Elsie came not though I listened till my soul was full to the brim with madness. Came not, though the noon-tide crept by and the birds fell asleep among the elms and willows around me.

"False, false, false," was my angry cry. Ah, Jack, I knew not how that poor heart, which beat, beat, for me, was mourning for its absent mate. I knew not for years how delirium and disease had faded my darling in a shroud, almost; knew not for years, that pain and sickness kept her from me. So it was we parted, and with a sudden sorrow knowing my heart-strings, I dashed across the heaving Atlantic to battle with Fortune.

Visions of a fair young face, lighted ever by the pure sunshine of love and trust, haunted my dreams over the tossing sea, and a form of perfect grace and symmetry walked ever by my side as I paced restlessly up and down the thronging Broadway.

I had said to my yearning soul, "Elsie Elsie Wilton was false and Elsie Harper is false, I will forget her." Ah, Jack, can you wash from memory what memory has loved to keep? No, no, she is not recreant to her trust—only the false will plead forgetfulness.

I began my struggle with the world. Young as I was, my love for the English wife beyond the ocean, tempered my quick passions, aided my often erring judgment, and led me, though I scorned the idea then, with a strong cord. I thank her now, Jack, for all I am—for all I may be by God's help. She was the incentive to all good endeavors, the bright guide I followed to whatever was right and noble.—Through her influence I strode onward through the pollution of a life in such a city as New York was and is now, rejecting every semblance of wrong, taking only to my soul the pure and stainless.

The years flew by one after another bearing me on towards the goal of all human ambitions and hopes. I had grown rich and famous. Men shook me by the hand cordially and warmly when I mingled with the bustling throng; women smiled bewitchingly and caressingly. No word had ever reached me from Elsie, though I still persevered in my daily habit of looking for letters from her at the post-office.

Tom and Phil were both in their graves for aught I knew to the contrary, and you, Jack, I had given up forever. One lovely June morning, as I was looking over the list of arrivals at the St. Nicholas, I saw the name of "Richard Wilton, Wilton Villa, County of Derbyshire, England," and directly beneath it, "Mrs. Elsie Harper."

Jack, do you doubt my heart stood still for an instant? The blood seemed flowing out from every vein. I rose and drank a glass of ice water, then capered and danced around my room, till the very spiders in that bachelor domicile looked on in wonder. I laughed, I shouted, I stamped on the floor, in a perfect delirium of joy. For 8 years I had been a fool, obstinately exiling myself from the fairest flower in all old England, and now she had come, as I doubted not, in search of me, proudly wearing the title of my unworthy cognomen, even beneath the very eyes of her stern "parental."

Jack, I dressed myself in the finest broadcloth, put an extra touch to my fine whiskers and moustache, drew on a pair of exquisitely fitting gloves, took my cane, and walked directly to St. Nick's.

'Twas dinner hour, and with the coolness of a refrigerator I went into the splendid dining room, and took a seat at the table. The first person my eyes rested upon was that of the burly red-faced father of my English flower. Time had not changed the haughty pride of the dignified son of John Bull, in the least, and with a sigh of relief I turned to the form beside him. Heavens, Jack, if ever I was electrified I was then. Such an embodiment of feminine loveliness, grace and innocence, never sat in the St. Nicholas dining hall before. She was dressed so charmingly, everything about her wearing such a cool, tranquil look.—But her face, ah, it is lovely now, lovelier than then to me, but you who are disinterested should have seen her, as she looked to me after an eight years

of separation. Such luscious peachy cheeks, such great golden-brown curls, and such lips!

I looked at her a moment in complete and rapt adoration. She must have felt the look, for she raised her clear blue eyes and glanced at me earnestly. I bowed reverently. Jack, she gave a delicious little scream and went into hysterics.

You old bachelor, shouldn't you have carried my happiness to have seen me carrying the precious burden in my arms, out from people's rude gaze to the quiet of her own room? We had a scene, you had better believe, when she came out of her trance and saw the whiskers and moustache of your humble servant, in such alarming proximity to her blushing face.

She is mine safe enough now, and this little Elsie who sits on my knee while I write, and Jack, Jr., who is riding around the garden on a cane, are ours, jointly.

God bless you, Jack, but a married life is best after all.

Translated for the Times from the German Giltel.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

BY MARCUS.
When I, adoring, contemplate—
O Maker, God above—
Thy might; the wisdom of Thy ways;
And Thy all-watching love;—
Filled with astonishment, I know
Not how to magnify Thee, O
My God, my Lord and Father!

Where'er I look, mine eyes behold
Some wondrous work of Thine;
The heavens splendidly adorned,
Praise Thee, O Power divine.
Who clothed, with majesty, the sun?
Who caused the earth its course to run?
The host of stars, who call them?

Who measures for the wind its course?
Who bids the skies to rain?
Who bids the bottom of the earth,
To blossom with its grain?
O mighty, glorious God, Thy love
Extends as far as clouds above,
Or ever clouds extended.

By storm and sunshine, Thou art preached;
The sands Thy praises sing;
And 'e'en the least of worms exclaims—
"My Maker's honor bring."
"Me, God, hath made," exclaims the tree;
The tiny seed replies, "And me,
O, bring our Maker honor!"

Man hath a body, which Thy hand
Hath wonderfully made;
Man hath a spirit—and he may
Know Thee by reason's aid.
Himself, creation's glory, man
Proves, to himself, Thy gracious plan;
And daily, too, Thy greatness.

My spirit ever God extal—
Exalt his holy name—
May God our Father's name be praised,
And amen all exclaim;
And fear their Lord, and in him trust,
And serve Him gladly—He is just—
Who would not serve God gladly!

WILLIAM HOOPER.

Not the least interesting or valuable feature of Mr. McRee's Life and correspondence of James Iredell, apart from the preservation and publication (many of them for the first time) of the correspondence and papers of eminent men of the State in these days, is the series of short biographical notices of these worthies, and of incidents and places of local and national interest. All of these descriptions are generally pleasant and new, and to us are specially agreeable from the relish with which we receive the traditions and narratives of the past. The author has many pleasant words to say of Moore's Creek battle; the resistance to Gov. Martin, the last of the Royal Governors; the battle of King's Mountain, Camden, &c., &c.; and of many of the old settlers and families of the different sections of the State, but more particularly of the Cape Fear, Chowan, and Roanoke settlements. We copy a slight sketch of Wm. Hooper, who had the honor of representing North Carolina in the Continental Congress, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was made, and who was a pure patriot and one of the ablest men in the State. The sketch is interesting, also, from the picture it gives of Wilmington society so far back as 1774:

Mr. Hooper was a native of Boston, and a graduate of Cambridge, Mass. After studying law with James Otis, he removed to North Carolina in 1764. He became a citizen of Wilmington. That town and its vicinity was noted for its unbounded hospitality, and the elegance of its society. Men of rare talents, fortune and attainment, united to render it the home of politeness, and ease, and enjoyment. Though the foot print of the Indian had, as yet scarcely been effaced, the higher civilization of the "Old World" had been transplanted there; and had taken vigorous root. There were Col. John Ashe (subsequently Gen. Ashe), the great popular leader, whose address was consummate, and whose quickness of apprehension seemed intuition, the very Rupert of debate; Samuel Ashe of stalwart frame, endowed with practical good sense, a profound knowledge of human nature, and an

energy that eventually raised him to the Bench and the post of Governor; † Har-nett (afterwards President of the Provincial Council), "who could boast a genius for music and taste for letters," the representative man of the Cape Fear —; Dr. John Eustace, the correspondent of Sterne, "who united wit, and genius, and learning, and science;" Col. Thomas Lloyd, "gifted with talents, and adorned with classical literature;" Howe (afterwards Gen. Howe), "whose imagination fascinated, whose repartee overpowered, and whose conversation was enlivened by strains of exquisite raillery;" Dr. John Fergus, of stately presence, with velvet coat, cocked hat and gold-headed cane, a graduate of Edinburgh, and an excellent Latin and Greek scholar; Wm. Pennington (Comptroller of the Customs, and afterwards Master of the Ceremonies at Bath), "an elegant writer, admired for his wit, and his highly polished urbanity;" Judge Maurice Moore, of "versatile talents, and possessed of extensive information, as a wit, always prompt in reply; as an orator, always daring the mercy of chance;" Mac-laine, irascible but intellectual, who trod the path of honor nearly "paripassu" with Iredell and Hooper and Johnston, and "whose criticisms on Shakespeare would, if they were published, give him fame and rank in the republic of letters;" William Hill, "a most sensible, polite gentleman, and though a crown officer, replete with sentiments of general liberty, and warmly attached to the cause of American Freedom;" Lillingston, destined soon to render, at Moore's Creek, his name historical; James Moore, whose subsequent appointment as Major General, and whose promise of a brilliant career were soon to be terminated by a premature death; Lewis Henry DeRossett, member of the Council, a cultivated and elegant gentleman; † Adam Boyd, editor of the Cape Fear Mercury (subsequently chaplain to the Court. Lane), "who, without pretensions to wit or humor, possessed the rare art of telling a story with spirit and grace whose elegant numbers afforded a striking contrast to the vivid brilliancy of the scenes in which he figured;" † Alfred Moore, subsequently an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Timothy Bloodworth, stigmatized by his enemies as an impracticable radical; "every thing by turns;" but with a true exponent of the instincts and prejudices, the finest feelings and the noblest impulses of the masses. These were no ordinary men. They were of the remarkable class that seem ever to be the product of crises in human affairs. Though inferior to many of them in the influence that attends years, opulence, and extensive connections, yet in scholarship and genius Mr. Hooper was pre-eminent. I use the word genius in contradistinction to talent. He had much nervous irritability, was imaginative and susceptible. With a well disciplined mind, and of studious habits, he shone with lustre wherever he pleased to exert himself. He had generous impulses, and his intercourse with his family and friends was marked by a caressing tenderness. In the course of the Revolution he never wavered, though he often desponded. If hope seemed sometimes about to desert him for ever, and he felt in his heart the rustle of her wings as she prepared for flight, his deep-rooted principles were never shaken. He lived long enough to see the political edifice, to whose construction he had so largely contributed, completed, and its soaring dome to the nations of the earth as "a lamp to their feet, and light unto their path." As his fame is national, I need not dwell longer upon his career.

† Life of Wm. Hooper, by A. M. Hooper.

† Josiah Quincy's Journal.

‡ A. M. Hooper.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AS OF YORE.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

As of yore; the words were welcome!
I had waited for them long;
As the sick wait for the Spring-time
Trusting it will make them strong.

As of yore; we each were hasty
And our evening lips let fall
Words our after thought regretted,
That we wished we could recall.

As of yore; it means the friendship
Severed in the sudden storm;
Shall have all their links united,
With their old, familiar form.

As of yore; each word forgotten;
Buried in the lethean stream;
And our hearts again can cherish
Every old, familiar theme.

As of yore; our lives are older,
And our spirits are more strong;
But our hearts have not grown colder
Under the sad rule of wrong.

As of yore; so henceforth, ever!
With the lesson of the past
Guiding us, our hopes shall never
Upon error's robes be cast.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CHORADE.

BY T. E. S.

My first is of conflict and strife,
My second, of renown and fame,
My third, where man's tried for life,
My fourth, and last, my third will claim.

Lake Landing, N. C.
Answer next week.

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THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—When we went to press last week great preparations were being made for the reception of the telegraphic fleet on this side of the Atlantic. But instead of that arrival the unexpected and unwelcome news came that the cable had broken, and operations ceased. The wire was successfully laid for 380 miles—through which length intelligence was transmitted back to the shore.—The cause of the breakage is thus given by the London Times:

"A strong under current was carrying the cable from the ship at a considerable angle. The Niagara was going at four and the cable running out at five and six miles per hour. A pressure amounting to three thousand pounds was then applied to the breaks to retard the running out of the cable when the stern of the ship was in the trough of the sea, and when the stern rose to the crest of the swell, the strain was too great, and the cable broke."

This accident has not produced a reaction in the confidence of the scheme, but perhaps will postpone further operations until next Summer, as the season has already advanced too far for any hope of success. An earlier start next Summer may be more fortunate, together with present experience.

OUR STORY.—This number closes the beautiful and most interesting story, "Sweet Fern Spring; or the Prima Donna's Triumph." Miss Janvyn is a young lady of a most brilliant promise as the plots and developments of the above story will verify. We hope we may meet her again and often and that her success may be as brilliant as worthy.

A REVIVAL.—The Rev. N. F. Reid, pastor in charge of the Methodist congregation, is holding a series of meetings in his church this week, and quite an interest is being elicited. On last night about 30 penitents were at the altar, and a large number were converted.

WESTERN N. C. RAIL ROAD.—The Stockholders of this road held their annual meeting in the town of Newton, Catawba Co., on the 27th ult. The Hon. D. F. Caldwell and D. A. Davis, Esq., of Salisbury, and O. Gillaspie, Esq., of Statesville, and J. Cline, Esq., of Newton, were elected Directors on the part of private stockholders. Six of the Directors on the part of the State, were in attendance at this meeting. On Friday morning last, after the adjournment of the general meeting of Stockholders, the Directors convened for the purpose of electing a President. Mr. R. C. Pearson was re-elected. The next annual meeting will be in Morganton.

TOWN OFFICER.—Will U. Steiner, Esq., has been elected by the Commissioners town officer, vice Geo. M. Adams resigned. Mr. Steiner has been duly installed into his office and is now in regular prosecution of his duties.

We would state in this connection that, being unable to spare the time from our Office duties to settle the accounts due us, we have placed the same in the hands of Mr. Steiner, who is authorized to make settlement for the same. We hope the cash will be paid on every account due for 1856 and on as many as possible up to July 1st, 1857. We are making a large addition of material to our Office and must have the cash.

SUMMER'S DEAD.

Oh! not a vision here but it must pass like our own image from Life's spectre-glass.

Another summer with its music and sunshine; warbling birds and sweet-scented flowers has passed away. And what a summer has it been! How pleasant, how glorious! What prosperity has attended us as a people! How the hand of God has been stretched over our cities as a screen and turned every destructive shaft of fell disease.

But Autumn's sere is gathering up on the green robe of summer, and soon the falling leaves will be gathered up on her bier. Reader, can you be still for a moment? Will you admit one serious reflection? How like life are the passing seasons! Like them, we too, must soon pass away. Shall the summer of our years be so spent that the Autumn of Life will be laden with a rich and varied harvest! Never ceasing vigilance is the price of every good.

And Woodworth, the author of the following "Autumnal Reflections" now so appropriate, well understood this in his Spring time of poverty and hard labor. We copy this most beautiful poem as a fit requiem to the departed Summer.

The season of flowers is fled,
The pride of garden decayed,
The sweets of the meadow are dead,
And the blushing parterre disarrayed.

The blossomed decked garb of sweet May,
Enamelled with hues of delight,
Is exchanged for a mantle less gay,
And spangled with colours less bright.

For sober Pomona has won
The frolicsome Flora's domains,
And the work of gold goddess begun,
The height of maturity gains.

But though less delightful to view,
The charms of ripe Autumn appear
Than Spring's richly varied hue,
That infantile age of the year;

Yet now, and now only, we prove
The uses by nature designed;
The seasons were sanctioned to move,
To please less than profit mankind.

Regret the lost beauties of May,
But the fruits of those beauties enjoy;
The blithes that dawn with the day,
Noon's splendour will ever destroy.

How pleasing, how lovely appears
Sweet labor, sportive and gay;
Its prattle, its smiles and its tears,
Like spring, or the dawning of day!

But mankind's the season designed
For wisdom, for works, and for use;
To ripen the fruits of the mind,
Which the seeds sown in childhood produce.

Then infancy's pleasures regret,
But the fruits of those pleasures enjoy;
Does spring autumn's bounty begot?
So the Man is begun in the Boy.

MORE GOLD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina is richer in mineral resources than anybody ever dreamed of. We read in the Asheville News, that some very rich and beautiful specimens of copper have just been discovered about 19 miles from that place, on Hommony Creek, in Haywood county. These discoveries have been thoroughly tested, and yield from twelve and a half to sixty-five per cent. of pure copper. The vein is said to be the largest ever discovered in this country, being 4 feet wide and of unknown depth. The fortunate discoverers are Messrs. H. Bouham and M. Chapman, the former of Smyth, and the latter of Giles county, Va. They have been working in the neighborhood two years, and success at length crowns their efforts.

The same paper has received a letter from a scientific gentleman who has been engaged in making a thorough examination of the minerals of Valley river, in Cherokee county. That region is rich in minerals, and must very soon attract the notice of scientific men and capitalists to a greater extent than it has hitherto done. In this Valley river, marble, (useful for building purposes) iron ore, (apparently of inexhaustible extent, and which has been worked, and makes an excellent article of malleable iron,) lead, silver and gold have been found.

In relation to the gold, the writer says:
A very large amount of gold from surface and deposit washings, in years gone by, has been collected on Valley river. The amount obtained reached in value beyond half a million of dollars. The gold was of very fine quality, ranging from 85 to 100 cents in value to the pennyweight, at the mint. But though the washings have been continued at intervals, ever since 1830, no one had succeeded in finding the vein from which the gold had been derived, until about the first of June of the present year. Felix Axley, Esq., of Murphy, commenced a series of cross-cuttings in search of the vein, during the month of May. He had, within the last year, given much attention to Geology, in connection with his operations as Agent for the Cincinnati Mining Company, who are engaged largely in preparing for the development of the copper mines of North Carolina.

With his increased knowledge of the laws governing mineral veins, he became convinced that he could find the vein from which so much wealth had been derived. The labor was commenced by cutting a ditch across the valley where his judgment dictated the vein was probably located. The ditch was cut to the depth of the underlying rock and entirely through the whole surface deposits. At the distance of 86 rods, the vein was struck under such circumstances as to give him the

Geological key to find it elsewhere in the valley. The vein is quartz, and the gold is diffused through its masses in such proportions, as far as progress has been made, as to induce the belief that it will be quite productive.

Included in the quartz is a very large proportion of lead ore, including silver, which on analysis, promises to be productive. It would seem that the quartz vein is the true source of the gold, lead and silver, and that the lead ore found in the marble has been produced by off-shoots from the quartz vein at the time of its protrusion by volcanic action from below.

Presbyterian (New School) Convention.

Pursuant to the call of the delegates to the Presbyterian (N. S.) General Assembly, who protested against the action of that body on the subject of slavery, at its recent session in Cleveland, Ohio, the representatives of sixteen Presbyteries sympathizing or concurring with the said protestants, assembled in Convention in Richmond, Virginia, on the 27th ult. The convention spent two days in the preliminaries of organization, and on the morning of the third, adopted the following, as reported by the "business committee," as a basis of action.

The committee appointed to propose to the Convention such action as, in the circumstances in which, in the Providence of God, we are placed, recommend the adoption of the following

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS:

Whereas, all acts, resolutions, and testimonies of past General Assemblies, and especially the action of the last General Assembly, whereby suspicions and doubts of the good standing and equal rights and privileges of slaveholding members of the Church, or imputations and charges against their Christian character, have been either implied or expressed, are contrary to the example and teachings of Christ and his Apostles, and are a violation of the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church.

And, whereas, the relation of master and servant, in itself considered, or further than the relative duties arising therefrom, and slavery, as an institution of the State do not properly belong to the Church judicatories as subjects for discussion and enquiry.

And, whereas, in the judgment of this convention, there is no prospect of the cessation of this agitation of slavery in the General Assembly so long as there are slaveholders in the connection with the Church; therefore,

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Convention nothing can be made the basis for discipline in the Presbyterian Church which is not specifically referred to in the Constitution, as crime or heresy.

Resolved, That the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has no power to pronounce a sentence of condemnation on a lower judicatory or individuals for any cause, unless they have been brought before the Assembly in the way presented by the Constitution.

Resolved, That the members of this Convention adhere to and abide by the confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church, as containing the system of Doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; and that we adhere to the form of government and book of discipline of said church.

On motion of the Rev. T. D. Bell, the report was accepted.

MILLERS TAKE NOTICE.

The following note from Messrs. Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants and Dealers in Flour, Norfolk, Va., will fully explain itself. Let the Millers read and take notice.—
Messrs. Editors:

Will you please request for us your Millers when putting up flour for this or any other Market never to omit marking the tare of the bbl. on it, the laws of this State and in fact most others require this to be done, if omitted our inspector cannot brand it, hence operating against its sale when wanted for shipment.

Norfolk Aug. 27 1857.

PRIVATE CORNER.

JEANIE: Your most beautiful letter again. How it would do good to meet in your Granite home! Your poetry is truly beautiful and sweet.

.....DAN GREGORY: The author of this life story has given a sad and thrilling narrative; but, ah! how true. Dan is but the personification of too many. Oh! the broken hearts of the poisoned bowl! Is there no relief?

.....LITERARY GOSSIP in time for next week. We appreciate your review very highly and fancy we can see an increased interest to its advance.

.....MRS. E. C. LOOMIS: Your little sketches are so unassuming and yet so beautiful! The child's friend that wins by love. May your labors in the tender heart be productive of abundant harvest of love and virtue.

.....MUL: The sketch of your trip to the Pilot is really beautiful. Nature is a grand theme. It shall appear next week.

LENOIR COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

By a private letter we are glad to learn that this Institution is opening the present session with more flattering prospects than ever before.

SPECULATIONS ON FRANCE.

Recently the Emperor and Empress of France paid a secret visit to the Queen of England at her summer residence on the Isle of Wight. Louis Napoleon is a deep calculating man, and never does anything without a motive. Hence his movements have occasioned a great deal of speculation, and as it would seem, not without good reason. It is supposed by some that he left France from fear of assassination—by others on account of troubles brewing in Italy and France, as well as in China and India—and by others again, that his visit has reference to the expulsion from Victoria's dominions of those political exiles who are busily engaged in all sorts of conspiracies against the peace of Europe.

Whatever, however, may have been the motives of the visit, it cannot be denied that affairs in France are in an agitated and uncertain condition. It is said that there is a large body of men in the principal cities who detest the Emperor and all about him, who can never forget that he overturned the Republic, and who will never forgive the treachery and violence which have characterized the course of Louis Napoleon. They merely bide their time. The secret societies which still exist, and which the police have in vain endeavored to ferret out and disorganize, constitute another serious source of annoyance. These societies do for the people, what the police do for the government. The two parties watch each other, and are in constant hostility. There are, moreover, many men of desperate fortunes in the capital, who are ready for any emergency and to whom any change would be a relief. The Emperor endeavors to keep as cool and calm as possible, but dogged and watched as he is by would be regicides, by men who believe that in his assassination they would rid France of a traitor and a despot, his position is by no means enviable.

A letter from Paris, under date of July 27th, and addressed to the New York Herald, contains this statement: That there is a wide spread organization, ramifying into Italy and Spain, can scarcely be doubted. The recent election, have shown that there must be a formidable party of republicans in the country at large, though unquestionably not a very large minority. These men will not rest, at least, there is a portion of them who will not. Attempt after attempt will probably continue to be made on the Emperor's life. And who can tell whether success will not come? A throne founded in fraud and perjury is not likely to endure. There is a God, who is inflexibly just, and though he may bear long with wicked men, even with wicked princes, he will not bear with them always. The great Napoleon had a splendid career for fifteen years, but his end was humiliating and deplorable.

The Emperor is at Plombieres. A friend of mine went to Plombieres last Wednesday to see his Imperial Majesty, having known much of him during his sojourn in New York in the month of April May and June in 1836, and had an interview of three hours with him one of which was spent at the dinner table, and the other two in a long walk, in which he had the most familiar conversation with him on many subjects; but I am not at liberty to enter into details. The Emperor gave no intimation of fear, though he spoke freely of the difficulties which environ him. He complained much of the injustice of the American press toward him; but I am not sure whether he named any paper in particular. My friend was greatly struck with the intense vigilance which reigns all around Plombieres among the police; and when walking with the Emperor, he remarked that they were never far from the guards who accompanied his Imperial Majesty. It is certain that there is much anxiety in the public mind; and this uncertainty in the state of things greatly affects the grander enterprises of trade and commerce. Even the most sagacious do not know what may happen to-morrow.

I am astonished to see how rapidly such a city as Paris with news. The press is nothing to it. Although not a paper said a word about the attempt on the Emperor's life, I suppose every man and woman in Paris had heard of it within far less than twenty-four hours after the news had come to the city. The news arrived Saturday night. I heard it yesterday at church, about noon, and at 3 P. M. not only did the servants at our hotel know it, but a common laborer in the cemetery of Mont Marto told me that he had heard it, and stated the case as fully as it had been stated to me three hours before by one of the best informed men in Paris. Who can tell what a day may bring forth here in this wonderful country? I should not be surprised if a revolution were to take place in less than six months; but it can occur without the death of the Emperor. Upon the life of that one man depends, under God, the peace of all Southern Europe, if not of Europe entire.

Another Filibustering Expedition.

AGUSTA, GA., Aug. 29.—Handbills are being circulated in the upper part of Georgia and Tennessee for the enlistment of troops for Nicaragua. Twenty-five dollars per month and two hundred and fifty acres of land are offered to all who will join the expedition.

THE NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. Wm. M. Mcbane having declined the Associate Editorship of this paper, the Executive Committee have resolved to defer the publication of the first number till after the meeting of the Synod, which takes place on the 21st of October, in Charlotte. At that time it is proposed that a meeting of the proprietors shall be held, and another Editor elected. Persons having copies of the Prospectus with names attached to them, are requested to forward them by mail to the Rev. George M. Neal, Fayetteville, immediately.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

A New Orleans exchange has reviewed the subject of establishing a cotton factory in or near the city of New Orleans. In discussing its practicability, it sets forth facts and arguments of general interest in regard to Southern manufactures. It says:

"That in 1840, the value of cotton manufactures in the five Southern States; Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama—was \$1,575,810. In 1850 the value of such manufactures had increased to \$5,583,332. The greatest absolute increase was in Georgia; the value of her manufactured cotton, in 1840, was \$304,402, while in 1850 it was \$1,134,044. The greatest relative increase, however, was in Alabama; in 1840 her cotton manufactures amounted in value only to the insignificant sum of \$17,574, while in 1850 they had increased to \$382,230, or nearly twenty times what they were in the first named year."

KANSAS INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON, August 28.—E. O. Perrin, private secretary of Governor Walker, who left the camp of the latter at Lawrence ten days ago, reports all peace and quiet there, nor was there the least intimation of war or bloodshed.

Gov. Walker was using the army as a "posse comitatus" when the civil authorities could not make arrests for breaches of the peace.

The 1,500 troops in Kansas will remain there till after the October election.

NATIONAL EMANCIPATION CONVENTION.

CLEVELAND, August 28.—"National Convention Emancipation Society" was organized last evening, with the following officers:—President, Prof. B. Silliman; corresponding secretary, Elihu Burritt; treasurer, Robert Lindley Murray. The resolution to make the General convention the agent for the people in emancipating slaves was adopted. The convention then adjourned sine die.

N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

We learn from the publishing committee that arrangements have been made for the successful prosecution of this Journal, and that the first number will be out the first of October. The prospectus will be found in this paper, and it is hoped that every editor in the State will insert it in his paper, and thus aid the cause of Education in North Carolina.

JUST LIKE HIM.

The monthly record of current events in Harper's Magazine for September says—
"Professor Mitchell, State Geologist of Tennessee, lost his life in exploring the region of the Black Mountains."

FINANCIAL PANIC.

In the beginning of this week, the New York Agency of the Ohio Insurance and Trust Company failed owing some four or five millions. The parent company, located at Cincinnati, assert the perfect solvency of the institution, but suspend business until the true state of the fact can be accurately ascertained.

This failure has been followed by others, occurring mostly among parties connected with railroad stock or securities. Jacob Little, the Great Bear of the New York Brokers, who fails on all convenient occasions, has failed again, with liabilities footing up about five millions of dollars.

BENEDICT & CO., FISHER & CO., DE LAUNCEY, ISLEIN & CLARKE, JOHN THOMPSON, E. S. MOORE, all Brokers or Stock speculators have failed.

In addition to these Wall Street failures, six bank failures are reported—two in Rhode Island—one in Virginia, Kanawha, one in Pennsylvania, one in Maine and one in the state of New York. All railroad stock and securities are down, and speculative credit has received a shock. It puzzles us how Jacob Little and men like him, can make a business of failing and be able to keep at it, and get any body to trade with them.—*Will. Herald.*

A SUICIDE NOT ALLOWED BURIAL IN A CHURCH YARD.

A young girl named Earline committed suicide on Monday by hanging herself to a tree, at Fishers Creek, in Marshall Co., Va. The Wheeling Intelligencer says, "the people of the neighborhood would not allow her to be buried in the church-yard, and her remains were interred at the Cross Roads."

AMERICAN ASTRONOMY.

The comet discovered by Dr. Peters, at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., on the 25th of July, was seen at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, on the 28th, and at Gotha and Altona, on the 30.

GEN. JAMES HAMILTON IS SPOKEN OF AS SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE JUDGE BUTLER, IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

LAW ON MARRIAGE.—We are indebted to Herodotus, the father of History, for the following account of the Spartan laws on matrimony. In some respects, they were doubtless very wholesome. The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of men at about thirty-five years; that of women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. Why should I give you place, cried a young man to an unmarried general, when you have no child to give place to me when I am old? No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding day, so that, for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.

THE VEGETABLE TRADE.—The Norfolk Argus publishes a statement of the shipments thence by the various steamers, of barrels, boxes and baskets of Peas, Cucumbers, Beans, Potatoes, Tomatoes, Radishes, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Apples, Peas, Peaches, &c., during the months of June and July, viz:

Packages.	Value.
To New York, 50,504	\$126,290 00
" Philadelphia, 5,320	10,822 50
" Baltimore, 40,215	100,540 00
" Richmond, 1,050	2,625 00
Total,	96,099 \$240,247 50

The above packages are estimated at \$2.50 each, which is a very low figure, the largest proportion of the packages were barrels of Cucumbers, Radishes, Potatoes, &c., which in the early part of the season commanded \$6 to \$10 each. This large amount of truck, it might be safe to say, was shipped in the space of 40 days, and very serious inconvenience was felt by shippers for the lack of facilities to get off all that came to market.

The above statement shows a very large amount shipped to Baltimore, and it may be proper to remark that much of it went through to Philadelphia via the former city.

From the 28th of July to 5th of August 33,000 water-melons were shipped hence to a Northern port.

ACCIDENTS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

Two accidents occurred last week on the Wilmington and Manchester Rail Road, each occasioning the loss of one life. The one, on Monday by the freight train running over a cow; the other Wednesday, by the passenger train running over a horse. Damages slight.

DEATH OF RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Rufus W. Griswold died in New York on Thursday last, after a lingering illness, in the 42d year of his age. Mr. G. was a gentleman of superior literary attainments, and had written and edited a number of interesting works.

MARRIED.

In this county on Tuesday evening, Aug. 25th, by Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, Mr. MERRITT C. WREN of Randolph, and Miss NANCY E. JARRELL.

In Raleigh, on Thursday the 20th ult., by A. H. Hodge, Esq., Mr. SAMUEL M. PARISH, of Raleigh, to Miss MARGARET L. WALKER, of Wake.

Cure of Discarded Liver. Homestead Co. Tenn., Jan. 10, 1850. Mr. Seth W. Fowle:—Sir, You are at liberty to use the following statement for the benefit of the afflicted.—
I was attacked with the Liver Complaint, which apparently brought me to the brink of the grave. During my sickness I was attended by three physicians in my place, but received no help. I also tried the various remedies recommended for such complaints, but they afforded me no relief. As a last resort, I was persuaded to try *Waters' Balm of Wild Cherry*, and by using four bottles I was restored to better health than I have enjoyed before for ten years. This statement may be relied upon as strictly true. BETSEY PERRIN.

The above Certificate was given in the presence of Dr. A. Strong, of Homestead, who is well known in his vicinity as a successful practitioner. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

TO PURCHASERS OF Cabinet Furniture.

From 20 to 30 per cent. saved. See advertisement of FOSTER & LEE, 53 Bowery New York, in the principal newspapers of Wilmington, Raleigh, Newbern, Fayetteville, &c.

Catalogues containing List of Prices, will be sent free of postage, on application. 86—It e o m ly.

5,000 BUSHELS WHEAT wanted.

By J. F. GARRETT—Bring on your samples. Aug. 1857.

A CARD.—The undersigned having had considerable experience in Literary affairs, and being extensively known as a writer, would offer his services to all those in want of LITERARY AID. He will write Oration, Essays, Acrostics, attend to Private Correspondence, furnish Obituaries, Lines for Albums, and Poetry upon any subject wished for. The strictest secrecy maintained. Address, (post paid).

FINLEY JOHNSON, Baltimore, Md.

GARRAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon. July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

Land Warrants!

WHEELER & EVERETT, Brokers, New York City, will pay for Bounty Land Warrants of all denominations, TWO PER CENT. ABOVE MARKET PRICES, until October 16th, or having a large amount to deliver at that time. Send them along. The following are the latest quotations:

100 acres\$4
120 " "00
80 " "04
40 " "10

Parties sending Warrants by mail, will be paid the same as though they were personally present. Draft remitted by return mail. Address WHEELER & EVERETT, Brokers, New York City. New York, August 16th, 1857. 86—4w.

FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEE.

Just received and for sale by R. N. CALDWELL.

THE REVISED CODE.

COPIES received and for sale. E. W. OGBURN.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT.

Swiss & Cambria, both figured and plain. Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass matting, and Hoped Stairs for sale at cash prices by R. N. CALDWELL.

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE! MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of FAMILY GROCERIES, which will be sold cheap for cash.

Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY.

STOKES COUNTY, N. C.—This Institution located at Danbury, N. C., in the midst of the romantic mountain region of North Carolina, and within a short distance of the Piedmont Springs, possesses unusual attractions, and the rare qualifications of the instructors in imparting ornamental and useful learning, rank the Institution as one worthy of a most liberal patronage. Not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the State, but from the diligent and watchful care bestowed upon all who are placed in charge of the Principal, this School possesses peculiar advantages. Students are here prepared to enter any class in college. The Fall Session will open on the first Thursday in September, and close on the fourth Thursday in January following. The Spring Session will open on the same day, and continue twenty-one weeks. Pupils should consider the importance of being present at the opening.

Board can be had at from \$6 to \$7. Tuition in English course, \$5—\$8.10, according to standing. Music \$18; French \$35. For further information address ADA MOORE, Principal, Danbury, N. C.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

ABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making. JAMES M. HUGHES, March 12, 1857.

ROWLAND & BROS., COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. B. Albright, Alamance; J. B. Houghton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Re

HOLD FAST TO YOUR BUSINESS!

HOLD FAST TO YOUR BUSINESS!

BY HORACE MANN.

So when you play with dogs, or kittens or lambs you should never hurt them. 'Play in such a way as will be fun to them as fun to you. This is the reason why I am always sorry to see little boys go out hunting or fishing. When they fish they wait a sharp iron hook with something that looks and tastes good to the fish, and drop it into the water, and just the same as say to the fish, "Here is something good for you!" and the fish comes and smells of it, and it tastes good, and then he takes it in his mouth, and the fisherman catches him out into the air, to die in convulsions, to die by fire—for the air to him is just as fire would be to you. That always looked to me so cruel, and so like playing; and oh, how I hate a lie—even to an animal!"

MEMORY.

What is Home without a Father?

Muggins observed on the door of a house the name of a physician and surgeon, and remarked that it put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun, for if one missed the other was sure to kill.

The continent of Africa, over a great

This is a soft, clear light
 Like dawn's first bright,
 Beaming in thy swanning orb,
 And this ever robes
 Thy face in loveliness.

This is a delightful mind
 So sweetly kind,
 An angel I would call thee;
 But thou would'st despise me,
 And venture to call it flattery.

To my thought there is nothing in all the
 world
 Half so delightful, half so sweet—
 Half so amiable
 As my pretty Kate.

COWS.

is famous Cough Balsam, which medicine has achieved a world wide reputation.

men of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melan-

Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received
at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER

dated Lottery of Maryland, *Class L*, to
drawn SATURDAY, Sep. 26th, in Baltimore

Those that are indebted to us in the counties adjoining Guilford will find their notes with W. C. Porter in Greensboro.

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with